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## THE DEMOCRAT

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be attended to.

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Flag of my country! in the folds  
Are wrapped the treasures of the heart;  
Where'er that waving standard is fanned,  
By breezes of the sea or land,  
It tells the life-blood start.

It is not that among those stars  
The fiery crest of Mars shines out,  
It is not that on battle plain,  
Midst heath of harness'd warriors slain,  
It flaps triumphant o'er the rout.

Short-lived the joy that conquest yields;  
Flashed victory is blotted in tears;  
The burden of that bloody fame,  
Which shouting thousands loud proclaim,  
Sounds sad to widow's ears.

Thou hast a deeper, stronger hold,  
Flag of my country, on the heart!  
Than when o'er muffled hosts unfurled;  
Thou art a signal to the world  
At which the Nations start.

Thou art a symbol of the power,  
Whose sheltering wings our homes surround;  
Guarded by thee childhood's morn,  
And where thy cheering folds are borne,  
Order and Peace are found.

Flag of my favored country, hail!  
Beating above where thou dost float!  
Best robe for living Freedom's form,  
Fit pall to spread upon the tomb,  
Should heaven to death devote.

Wave over us in glory still,  
And be our guardian as now;  
Each word of heaven shall thy cheeks!  
And withered be the arm that seeks,  
To bring that banner low! (Dem. Rev.)

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,  
Of wild and artless play;  
And promise myself that I am not old,  
And my looks are not yet gray;  
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,  
And it makes his pulses fire,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four score years,  
And they say that I am old,  
And my heart is ripe for the paper, Death,  
And my years are well told.  
I'm old, and I'm not young;  
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,  
And I'll renew my prime.

Play on, play on—I am with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring,  
I can feel the thrill of the dancing jump,  
And the rustle of the breathless swing.  
I hide you in the fragrant hay,  
And I loop the smothered call,  
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,  
And I shall be glad to go;  
For the world at best is a weary place,  
And my pulse is getting low;  
But the grave is dark and my heart will fail  
In the dreary gloomy way,  
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,  
To see the young so gay.

## EXTRACT.

If every man's internal grief  
Were written on his brow—  
How many would our pity move,  
Who wake our envy now;  
Stern hate would give his enemy  
A word of softer tone—  
Seeing how small the joy, that once  
Embellished all his own.

## DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.

Home is man's ark when troubles spring,  
When gathering tempests shade his morn;  
And woman's love, the bird that brings  
His peace-branch o'er a flood of sorrow.

God gave the bond of hearts at first,  
To be the crown of Eden's pleasure;  
And since since Earth with thorns was cursed,  
It boasts no purer, purer treasure.

## EXTRACT.

Who seeks to please all men, each way,  
And not himself offend;  
He must begin his work to-day,  
But heaven knows when he'll end.

## CONTENTMENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,  
No chemist art can counterfeit;  
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.  
The lonely whistle to sweet music's strain;  
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,  
That much in little—all in nought—CONTENTMENT.

## EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight—or sorrow fade,  
Death came, with friendly care,  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bid it blossom there.

## A RAY THAT BEAMS FOREVER.

There is a flower that never fades,  
A rose no storm can sever,  
Beyond the tulip's gaudy blaze,  
A ray that beams forever.

There is a charm surpassing art  
That speaks in every feature,  
Which twines around the feeling heart,  
It is thy charm, oh! nature.

Then, stranger, if thou fain wouldst find,  
This rose no storm can sever,  
Gaze, seek it dwelling in the mind,  
The ray that beams forever.

## BY AUTHORITY.

LAW OF THE UNITED STATES, PASSED AT THE  
SECOND SESSION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH CON-  
GRESS.

[Public—No. 27]

AN ACT to authorize the issuing of Treasury  
notes to meet the current expenses of the Gov-  
ernment.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Repre-  
sentatives of the United States in Congress assem-  
bled, That the Secretary of the Treasury,  
with the approval of the President of the United  
States, is hereby authorized to cause Treasury  
notes to be issued, according to the provisions  
hereof, and subject to all the conditions, limitations  
and restrictions contained in an act entitled, "An  
act to authorize the issuing of Treasury notes," ap-  
proved the twelfth day of October last, in place of  
such notes as have been, or may hereafter be, paid  
into the Treasury and cancelled.

JAMES K. POLK,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

R. M. JOHNSON,

Vice President of the United States  
and President of the Senate.

Approved, April 21st, 1838.

M. VAN BUREN.

From the Madison Ohio Gazette.

## RETURN OF THE CAPTIVE.

War has long been reckoned a glorious trade.  
There is a "pride, and pomp, and circumstance"  
about it, extremely captivating to the young  
and ardent, who have only had the opportunity of  
seeing it in holiday dress. Could it always ex-  
hibit itself in pageantry and parade, it would be in-  
deed, a glorious if not a useful art; but there is  
an under current of misery in its action and re-  
sults, never seen by the romantic, that strips from  
its adventitious tinsel, and presents it naked, the  
fruitful parent of pain and degradation. The vic-  
torious general, surrounded by his gaily decorated  
staff, with a highly disciplined and tastefully uni-  
formed line of soldiers in his front, presents a dif-  
ferent aspect from that which must have met the  
eye when surveying the carnage on the eve of the  
battle of Waterloo.

Our citizens yesterday morning, were intro-  
duced to the acquaintance of John Wood, a man  
whose tale of sorrow could not fail of interesting  
the heart, however callous, or however prone to  
incredulity. A meagre sketch can only be given  
now. The ample history of his misfortunes  
may hereafter be presented to the world—and, if  
given by a master hand, will command the inter-  
est, and enlist the sympathy of the public, when  
the mawkish productions of fiction, which now  
cumber our bookshelves and insult our taste, shall  
have become despised and forgotten.

In the year 1812, John Wood, now fifty years  
old, was a young and industrious farmer in Bracken  
county, Kentucky. He was the husband of a  
young and interesting woman, and the father of  
two infant children. He was living in happiness  
on a farm, which he had earned by his industry,  
when the gallant Captain Butler, (who afterwards  
fell at the capture of the British batteries at Fort  
Meigs,) raised his flag, and solicited the hardy  
Kentuckians of Bracken county, to enroll them-  
selves among the defenders of their country. John  
Wood was one of the number. He suffered  
all the privations to which the chivalric army of  
the North West was exposed, during the disas-  
trous campaign which resulted in the defeat of  
Winchester at the River Raisin. By good for-  
tune he escaped the tomahawk of the savage al-  
lies of Great Britain; and was sent a prisoner of  
war to Quebec.

He was next, with other American prisoners,  
despatched in a transport to Plymouth, in Eng-  
land. From Plymouth, accompanied by a crowd  
of fellow prisoners, he was about to be trans-  
ferred to Dartmouth—that well remembered scene  
of British cruelty and British cowardice—when he  
found an opportunity to elude his guards and make  
his escape. He wandered through the country,  
stealing through by-ways, until he found himself  
at Bristol. Hunger compelled him to enter a  
grocery, the head quarters of a British press gang.  
Here he was pressed, and despite his protesta-  
tions that he was a citizen of the United States,  
and a fugitive prisoner of war, facts which might  
have been easily proven by reference to the mili-  
tary authorities at Plymouth, he was hurried on  
board His Majesty's frigate Sea Horse, then the  
flag ship of the celebrated Sir Peter Parker, and  
compelled to bear arms against his own country-  
men.

On board the Sea Horse were several other  
Americans, who like Wood, had fallen victims  
to the British system of impressment. They de-  
termined on desertion; and, when lying in the  
Port of St. Johns, succeeded in securing a boat,  
during an extremely dark night, and attempted to  
reach the eastern coast of the State of Maine.  
They were instantly pursued, and were obliged to  
desert their boats, on the shore of New Brun-  
swick, and seek safety in the woods. After wan-  
dering about for two days, exhausted with cold,  
and hunger, and fatigue, they were apprehended  
by a party of British soldiers, and again trans-  
ferred to the Sea Horse. The punishment that fol-  
lowed this act of desertion was inflicted with all  
that ingenious refinement of cruelty for which  
the British navy is so celebrated.

The Sea Horse attached to the squadron under  
Admiral Cockburn, was shortly afterwards ordered  
into the Chesapeake, and took an active part  
in the robbing, burning and murdering of the de-  
fenceless inhabitants of the coast. Mr. Wood  
and the impressed Americans were never permit-  
ted to leave their vessel. He was on board on  
the night when Sir Peter Parker met his fate on  
shore. A few days subsequent to this event, he  
in company with seven other impressed Ameri-  
cans, attempted an escape in broad day light, by  
boldly jumping into a boat along side, and pulling  
rapidly for the shore. One of the number were  
shot by the sentinel on duty. The others reached  
the beach, but were apprehended, immediately on  
landing by a party of marauders belonging to the  
Sea Horse.

By order of Admiral Cockburn, they were sent  
in irons to Nova Scotia, where, after undergoing  
the formality of a mock trial, they were sentenced  
to be shot. The sentence, however, was commuted  
to service for life, in His Britannic Majesty's  
Army in the East Indies. They were accord-  
ingly shipped to England, and thence with a  
regiment of newly levied recruits, despatched to  
Calcutta. For 21 years, Mr. Wood served as a  
private soldier in the East India service; and,  
eighteen months since, when broken down in  
spirit and in constitution, he was permitted to sail  
for England. Destitute and heart-broken, he  
reached London, stated his case to the United  
States Consul, and by him was furnished with  
the means of reaching New York. He left New

York in January, and wended his weary pilgri-  
mage towards the home of his childhood.

It is now twenty-six years since he left his  
wife and children in Kentucky, and not one  
syllable has he heard, relative to their situation,  
since the moment of their separation. The citi-  
zens here forced a few dollars upon him, for poor  
and decrepit as he is, he still possesses all the  
pride of a Kentuckian, and sent him on his way  
in the stage to Wellsburg, from which town, he  
intends to embark on a steamboat for Augusta,  
in Kentucky.

Fancy cannot help asking, what now is that  
home to which the war-broken wanderer is return-  
ing? Will the wife of his youth be ready in the  
fidelity of her early love, to hail the restoration of  
her long lost husband? Or will her duty and af-  
fections have been given to another? Or, will  
she be reposing beneath the folds of the valley?  
And his children—If living, they must have long  
since entered upon the busy scenes of life. Will  
they take the weary pilgrim to their homes and to  
their bosoms? A thousand overpowering emo-  
tions must rush upon the old man's heart, as his  
weary footsteps approach the spot that was once  
his home! Fancy cannot fill the picture. May  
He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"  
support the aged wanderer, in that eventful mo-  
ment, which is soon to witness, either the extacy  
of his happiness, or the utter desolation of his  
hopes.

## NATIONAL GOLD CURRENCY.

We showed a few days since, that according to  
returns made to the Treasury Department, the  
importations of gold for the present year, amount-  
ed to a fraction over seven millions of dollars, and  
the exports to a fraction less than half a million,  
leaving a clear gain of six and a half millions up  
to that time. This was the state of the returns  
at the port of New York about two and a half  
millions more; to be precise \$4,233,146. This  
will make nine million! and this is the gain of a  
few months only!

When the Gold Bill of 1834 was passed, no-  
thing was so much ridiculed, reviled, and scoffed  
at as the idea of a national gold currency. Every  
epithet of abuse was lavished upon it by the  
Bank Whigs, and every device of ingenuity was  
exhausted in contrivances to render it ridiculous.  
The "gold standard" was in every Federal  
mouth: the insolent question, where is the gold  
currency? was incessantly repeated; and when  
the banks stopped last spring, they believed they  
had killed and buried all the gold in America, and  
felt as much triumph in shutting it up, and shipping  
it to Europe, as the holy allies in capturing  
Buenos Ayres, and sending him to St. Helena.  
This triumph and this reviling had its days; but  
its day is now gone; and a different set of measures  
have to be instituted by the gold holders to drive  
the dreaded stuff from the country. To drive it  
out is now the scheme, and to do that the whole  
Federal party are at work to keep up a small note  
circulation, and to force it upon the Federal Gov-  
ernment knowing very well that if a small paper  
currency can be kept up, every particle of gold  
which has come into the United States will soon  
be expelled from the country. This is one of the  
objects of Mr. Clay's paper money resolution in  
the Senate; it is the object of the movements in  
the House of Representatives to force small notes  
upon the Government; and it is the object of all  
the Federal Whig movements in favor of small  
notes all over the Union. The arrival of nine  
millions of gold, with the prospect of several mil-  
lions more, fills them with terror. They see that  
a NATIONAL GOLD CURRENCY is now  
within our grasp; that it has come upon us, and  
that all we have to do is to retain it. To retain it,  
it must be used, and diffused, and it cannot be  
used and diffused unless small paper money is put  
down. The struggle is now between GOLD and  
PAPER; between eagles, and eagles, and quarter  
eagles on one hand, and shill-pennies and small  
bank notes on the other. The war is between  
these opposite elements of good and evil—it is an  
epoch and a battle. The Republicans are for  
gold, the Bank Whigs for shill-pennies and small  
notes. Let it never be forgotten that the advo-  
cates of the Gold Bill in 1834 placed all their re-  
liance for ultimate success on the suppression of  
bank notes under TWENTY DOLLARS. With a  
paper currency below that limit, they admit-  
ted that a national gold currency would be im-  
possible—that it would be in vain to bring gold  
to the country, unless the paper circulation under  
twenty dollars was suppressed. This was the  
standing declaration of all the friends of the Gold  
Bill in 1834; and their efforts were in correspond-  
ence with those declarations. An act of Con-  
gress prohibited any note of less denomination than  
twenty dollars from being "offered" in any pay-  
ment. The prohibition was on the offer; it was  
made illegal to offer it; so that constant to receive  
it might not be pleaded as an evasion of the act.  
Mr. VAN BUREN was elected President upon a  
declaration in favor of the twenty dollar limit, and  
on no point was the opinion of the Republicans  
more completely made up. The time has now  
come to try their fidelity to their principles, and  
their adherence to a National Gold Currency.  
The gold is here! Not less than twenty-five mil-  
lions of gold are now in the country. Several mil-  
lions more will arrive. The total amount will  
probably be thirty millions by the end of the year.  
The question now is, shall this gold be diffused  
through the country, and used by the people? or  
shall it be driven out of the country, and the peo-  
ple be confined to the use of small notes and shill-  
pennies?—Globe.

Telegraphic Dispatch.—When all things have  
been ready, the Liverpool telegraph, under the  
superintendence of Lieut. Watson has sent a  
question to Holyhead we believe a distance of  
80 miles, and received an answer in the short  
space of 21 seconds.

Old Notion.—At Rochester they got up the  
old ceremony of crowing the May Queen, but  
instead of doing it under the merry greenwood tree  
the company assembled in a large room, with two  
blazing fires. The lady was crowned with chap-  
let of artificial flowers, and the young men pledg-  
ed her in brimming potatoes of whiskey, made  
hot, strong and sweet.—New Era.

Thomas Bradford, Esq. successor to Doct.  
Franklin, and the oldest Printer and Editor in the  
Union, died on Monday, at Philadelphia, in the  
94th year of his age.

Falsehood is often rocked by truth; she soon  
outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

The most virtuous of all men, says Plato, is he  
that contents himself with being virtuous without  
seeking to appear so.

## EXTRACT

From Mr. CALHOUN'S Speech in reply to Mr.  
Webster.

I must then remind the Senator that there is a  
vast extent of four, wide-spread Union, which lies  
South of Mason and Dixon's line, distinguished  
by its peculiar soil, climate, situation, institutions,  
and productions, which he has never evinced  
within the warm embraces of his universal patri-  
otism. As long as he has been in public life, he  
has not, to the best of my knowledge, given a sin-  
gle vote to promote its interest, or down an act  
to defend its rights. I wish not to do him injus-  
tice. If I could remember a single instance I  
would cite it, but I cannot, in casting my eyes  
over his whole career, call to mind one. As  
boundless and ardent, then, as his patriotism,  
according to his own account, it turns out that it  
is limited by motives and bounds, that exclude nearly  
one half of the whole Union!

But it may be said that this total absence of all  
manifestation of attachment to an entire section  
of the Union is not to be attributed to the want  
of an ardent desire to promote its interest and se-  
curity, but of occasion to exhibit it. Unfortu-  
nately for the Senator, such an excuse is without  
foundation. Opportunities are daily and hourly  
offering. The section is the weakest of the two,  
and its peculiar interest and institutions expose it  
constantly to injustice and oppression, which af-  
ford many and fine opportunities to display that  
generous and noble patriotism which the Senator  
attributes to himself, and which delights in taking  
the side of the assailed against the assailant.  
Even now, at this moment, there is an opportu-  
nity which one professing such ardent and univer-  
sal attachment to the whole country, as the Senator  
professes, would greedily embrace. A war is  
now, and has been systematically and fiercely  
carried on in violation of the Constitution, against  
a long-standing and widely extended institution  
of that section, that is indispensable, not only to  
its prosperity, but to its safety and existence, and  
which calls loudly on every patriot to raise his  
voice and arm in its defence. How has the Sen-  
ator acted?—Has he raised his mighty arm in  
defence of the assailed, or thundered forth his de-  
nunciation against the assailant? These are  
searching questions. They test the truth of his  
universal and boasted attachment to the whole  
country; and in order that the Senator may com-  
pare his acts with his professions, I propose to  
present more fully the facts of the case and his  
course.

It is well known, then, that the section to which  
I refer, is inhabited by two races, from different  
continents, and descended from different stocks;  
and that they have existed together under the pre-  
sent relation from the first settlement of the country.  
It is also well known that the ancestors of the  
Senator's constituents (I include the section)  
brought no small portion of the ancestors of the  
African, or inferior race, from their native home  
across the ocean, and sold them as slaves to the  
ancestors of our constituents, and pocketed the  
price, and profited greatly by the traffic. It is  
also known, that when the Constitution was for-  
med, our section felt much jealousy lest the powers  
which it conferred should be used to interfere  
with the relations existing between the two races;  
to ally which, and induce our ancestors to enter  
the Union, guards, that were deemed effectual  
against the supposed danger, were inserted in the  
instrument. It is also known, that the product  
of the labor of the inferior race has furnished the  
basis of our widely-extended commerce and  
ample revenue, which has supported the Govern-  
ment and diffused wealth and prosperity through  
the other section. This is one side of the pic-  
ture. Let us now turn and look at the other.

How has the other section acted? I conclude  
not, nor a majority. We have had recent  
proof during the discussion of the resolutions I  
offered at the commencement of the session, to  
what great extent just and patriotic feelings exist  
in that quarter, in reference to the subject under  
consideration. I then narrow the question, and  
ask, has the majority of the Senator's con-  
stituents acted, and especially a large portion of  
his political supporters and adherents? Have  
they respected the title to our property, which we  
trace back to their ancestors, and which, in good  
faith and equity, carries with it an implied war-  
rant, that binds them to defend and protect our  
rights to the property sold us?—Have they re-  
garded their faith pledged to us on entering into  
the constitutional compact which formed the  
Union, to defend and protect us in its quiet  
enjoyment? Have they acted as those ought  
who have participated so largely in the profits de-  
rived from our labor? No, they are striving,  
night and day, in violation of justice, pledged  
faith, and the Constitution, to divest us of our  
property—to reduce us to the level of those whom  
they sold us as slaves, and to overthrow an insti-  
tution on which our safety depends.

I come nearer home. How has the Senator  
acted? He who has such influence and weight  
with his constituents, and who boasts of his uni-  
versal patriotism and brotherly love and affection  
for the whole Union? Has he raised his voice  
to denounce this crying injustice, or his arm  
to arrest the blow of the assailant, which threatens  
to discover the Union, and forever alienate one  
half of the community from the other? Has he  
uttered a word in condemnation of violated faith,  
or honor trampled in the dust? No; he has sat  
quietly in his place, without moving his finger  
or raising his voice. Without raising his voice,  
did I say? I mistake. His voice has been raised,  
not for us, but our assailants. His arm has been  
raised, not to arrest the aggressor, but to open  
the doors of this chamber, in order to give our  
assailants an entrance here, where they may annul  
the most deadly blow against the safety of the  
Union, and our tranquility and security. He has  
thrown the mantle, not of protection over the  
Constitution, but over the motives and character  
of those whose daily avocation is to destroy every  
vestige of brotherly love between these States,  
and to convert the Union into a curse, instead of  
a blessing. He has done more. The whole  
Senate has seen him retire from his seat, to avoid  
a vote on one of the resolutions that I moved,  
with a view to rally the patriotic of every por-  
tion of the community against this fell spirit, which  
threatens to dissolve the Union, and turn the bro-  
therly love and affection in which it originated  
into deadly hate? I wish was so obviously true  
he could not vote against it, but which he dodged,  
rather than throw his weight on our side, and  
against our assailants. And yet, while these  
things are fresh in our recollection, notorious and  
known to all, the Senator rises in his place, and  
proclaims aloud that he comes in as the repre-  
sentative

of the United States, that if he was born  
for any good, it was for the good of the whole  
People, and defence of the Constitution; that he  
always acts as if under the eyes of the framers of  
the Constitution; that it would be easier to drive  
these pillars from their bases, than him from his  
lofty position; that he will do nothing to destroy  
the brotherly love between these States, and every-  
thing that the Union may exist forever, bene-  
ficially and thoroughly for all! What a contrast  
between profession and performance! What  
strange and extraordinary self-deception!

## ELOQUENT EXTRACT AND JUST TRIBUTE.

The following spirited and eloquent passage is  
taken from the speech of Mr. Allen, of Ohio, de-  
livered in the Senate of the United States, Feb-  
ruary 10, 1838:

In what language, in what spirit, in what man-  
ner, have we heard the late President of the Uni-  
ted States spoken of by the Senator from Ken-  
tucky, [Mr. Clay]? We have heard that illu-  
strious citizen, though retired to private life, though  
in no man's way to power, though worn down  
with age, and standing upon the very verge of the  
grave; yet we have heard him denounce in the  
councils of the country—that country which he  
has served, and saved by his serving; yet even  
here we have heard such a man denounced as  
though he were the worst of traitors still prosecut-  
ing treason. Napoleon is declared to have been  
his object of imitation—and why? Did Presi-  
dent Jackson usurp the Government. Did he  
slaughter three millions of his countrymen in at-  
tempting the subjugation of the earth? And is  
he now chained, for his crimes, to a desolate rock  
in the midst of interminable seas? Or if not so,  
why not? Why is he suffered to go at large? I  
wish to live in safety, unguarded by power, un-  
awed, unoffended by man? No, sir, his only  
crime is that of having secured the liberties of  
his country, by arousing the noble spirit of his  
countrymen against the sly and insidious attacks  
of a low, stupid, pilfering despotism. If he be  
guilty, who is innocent? Are the freemen of  
this land not as criminal as he?—they who, with-  
out flagging for a single moment, stood by him  
to the last!

But, sir, who is the man thus charged? Who  
was he? He was an orphan boy; poor and  
friendless. And yet, by the energy of his char-  
acter and the force of his genius, he has made  
the entire cycle of public honors in the first  
country on the globe; and now, at a goodly old age,  
he reposes within the peaceful precincts of his  
beloved Hermitage, with a heart still pure, a judg-  
ment unimpaired, and a character still victorious  
over malice and defamation. That motley rabble  
of British mercenaries with arms in their  
hands, of British stipendiaries with charters in  
their pockets, of political wranglers and declaim-  
ers, who made up the bridle faction of his  
country's enemies and of his persecutors, have  
served only to mark by their fall, one by one, the  
desert and space between the successive victories  
of truth, genius, and virtue, over their antagonist  
principles. These the old man stands, the  
private citizen, in the furrowed fields of rural life,  
his venerable form presenting the very incarnation  
of triumphant patriotism. The frowns are fixed, and  
will forever remain as immutable to the touch  
of hostility, as are the fixed laws of truth to the  
assaults of falsehood. You, Senators, who are his  
friends, need no longer be concerned in his ac-  
count. His character is now safe in the public  
affection; and when he shall have passed down  
the steep declivity of his remaining days, his  
grave will be walked around by the hearts of his  
grateful countrymen, against that vampire spirit  
that would violate the tomb to glut upon his blood.

The Thomsonian Recorder says that Mr. Cilley,  
after the acceptance of Graves' challenge, ad-  
dressed a letter to his wife in which he avoided  
alluding to the duel otherwise than in the conclud-  
ing paragraph, which is subjoined; and which  
seems to have been (if we may so speak) an in-  
voluntary philosophy, deriving its impress from the  
peculiar position in which he was placed. No  
man can read it and fail to be convinced that Mr.  
C. acted from the highest and noblest impulses  
of our nature—pursued, indeed, but still high  
and noble. His error was that of a fearless and  
generous heart—his spirit, that of a martyr.  
And though our principles, which we cannot deny  
aloud, as that he committed a grievous wrong  
against society and himself, we firmly believe that  
he did it with no malicious intent, but from  
motives which would honor the best of causes. And  
yet we have among us men, who for political pur-  
poses, by the propagation of base falsehoods, en-  
deavor to place him on a level with the brutal  
Webb and the blood-thirsty Wase!

EXTRACT.—I had many trials to encounter  
—some of our opponents are relentless and per-  
secuting. I find if a man will speak out boldly  
and fearlessly here he must take his life in his  
hand. I am not one to flinch in the service of  
my country and my own constituents.

M. MOGNET, the celebrated historian of the  
French revolution, is engaged in writing the life  
of the late Edward Livingston, whose reputation  
as a jurist, stands very high in Europe. It is  
pleasing to see such respect paid in foreign coun-  
tries to distinguished American characters, and  
shows the high estimation in which American sci-  
ence and literature are held abroad.

PUNCTUITY.—It is a trait, but nevertheless  
true saying, that "he who is punctual in paying  
his newspaper subscriptions, will be characterized  
for the same course in all his other dealings with  
the world." As a striking illustration of this  
adage, we quote the following from the Indiana  
Journal, being the substance of a conversation  
which took place between a Cincinnati merchant  
and the editor, a short time since.

The merchant entered the editor's office one  
morning, and inquired if Mr. —, who resided  
in a neighboring State of Ohio, was a subscriber  
to his paper. The editor was answered that he  
was. The merchant wished to know if he had  
any objections to his looking at his account.—  
The editor replied that he had not, and imme-  
diately handed him his ledger. After the mer-  
chant had got through with his examination, the  
editor inquired his reason for wishing to exam-  
ine Mr. —'s account. Why, said the mer-  
chant, the sent me order for goods to fill, and re-  
ferred me to some of his friends in the city, as to  
his ability to pay, &c.; but it occurred to me that  
the best reference would be your books. I am  
entirely satisfied with the result of the examina-  
tion. I find that he has long taken your paper,  
that he has always paid his subscription every  
year, and that he is not now in arrears with you.  
I will fill his order!—On the above no comment  
is necessary.

The Soul.—The atheist laughs at the immor-  
tality of the soul—the soul that can build her nest  
among the stars of heaven, walk through yonder  
mansion on high, and taste of the rivers that made  
glad the city of god—the soul that can wing her  
way above the clouds, and survey the crowns and  
sceptres laid up for those who dare the world, and  
have their conversation in heaven—the soul that  
can live in paradise while the body is in anguish,  
and the fierce winds of worldly tribulation rage  
around her, can rejoice in Hix who is her all  
in all.

Go to Church.—There is no one thing which  
helps to establish a man's standing in society in  
more than a steady attendance to Church, and a  
proper regard for the first day of the week. Every  
head of a family should go to Church, as an ex-  
ample to its members; and every branch of a  
family should to church, in imitation of the exam-  
ple of parents who loved them and watched over  
their best interests. Lounging in streets and bar-  
rooms on the Sabbath, is abominable, and de-  
serves execration. Because, it lays the foundation  
of habits which ruin one, body and soul. Many  
a young man can date the commencement of a  
course of dissipation which made him a burden to  
himself and friends, and an object of pity in the  
sight of his enemies, to his Sunday debauch. Idle-  
ness is the mother of drunkenness—the Sabbath  
is to young people generally an idle day; there-  
fore, if it be not properly kept, it were better  
struck out of existence. It is good to keep the  
Sabbath, because, the laws of God and man ordain  
that it should be kept. The man that will not  
abide by the law is a bad man—a bad man is a  
pest to society—a pest to society must be cut  
off; therefore, the Sabbath breaker must die for  
his sins.

Definition of a Kiss.—A kiss is thus defined  
in a love letter written in the year 1679, and  
translated from the German:—What is a kiss?  
A kiss is as it were, a seal, expressing our sin-  
cere attachment—the pledge of future union—a  
dumb, but at the same time audible language of  
a loving heart—a present, which at the time it is  
given, is taking from us the impression on an  
ivory coral press—the striking of two darts against  
another—a crimson balsam for a love wounded  
heart—a sweet bite of lip—an affectionate pinch-  
ing of the mouth—a delicious dish that is eaten  
with scarlet spoons—a sweetmeat which does not  
satisfy our hunger—a fruit which is planted and  
gathered at the same time—the quickest exchange